And then purſude by *Clifford* and the *Queene*;
And many ſouldiers moe, who all at once
Let driue at him, and forſt the Duke to yeeld:
And then they ſet him on a moulhill there,
And crowned the gratious Duke in high diſpight:
Who then with teares began to waile his fall.
The ruthleſſe *Queene* perceiuing he did weepe,
Gaue him a handkercher to wipe his eyes,
Dipt in the bloud of ſweete young *Rutland*
By rough *Clifford* ſlaine; who weeping tooke it vp,
Then through his breſt they thruſt their blouddie ſwords,
Who like a Lambe fell at the butchers feete.
Then on the gates of *Yorke*, they ſet his head,
And there it doth remaine, the piteous ſpectacle
That ere mine eies beheld.

Edw. Sweet Duke of *Yorke*, our proppe to leane vpon,
Now thou art gone, there is no hope for vs:
Now my ſoules pallace is become a priſon,
Oh would ſhe breake from compaſſe of my breaſt,
For neuer ſhall I haue more ioy.

Rich. I cannot weepe, for all my breaſts moiſture
Scarſe ſerues to quench my furnace burning heart.
I cannot ioy till this white roſe be dide,
Euen in the heart bloud of the houſe of *Lancaſter*.
Richard, I beare thy name, and Ile reuenge thy death,
Or die my ſelfe in ſeeking of reuenge.

Edw. His name, that valient Duke hath left with thee,
His chaire and Dukedome, that remaines for me.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely Eagles bird,
Shew thy diſent by gazeing gainſt the Sunne.
For Chaire, and Dukedome; Throne, and kingdome ſaie:
For either that is thine, or elſe thou wert not his.

Enter the Earle of Warwicke, Montague, with drum, ancient, and Souldiers.

War. How now faire Lords: what fare? what newes a-(broad?

Rich. Ah gentle *Warwicke*, ſhould we but reporte,

The